IT IS MOST ANCIENT

A Little History With Reference to Weston, Mo.

Where the Famous Ben Holladay Made His Start—A Town That Had 6,000 People in 1850, and Has Only 1,000 in 1895.

[COPYRIGHT.]

The town of Weston, Missouri, a few miles above Fort Leavenworth, on the other side of the river, is the oldest settlement in this section of the west.

In 1850, four years before Kansas territory was opened for settlement, Weston had five or six thousand people, several miles of paved and guttered streets, and gas works. Weston was the largest town in Missouri, outside of St. Louis, up to 1855; as late as 1845, the present city of St. Joseph was known as Robidoux's Landing. The census of 1890 gave Weston a population of 1,127; it has less than that number of people now.

The "Platte Purchase" was ceded to Missouri in 1836, and consisted of what is now known as Platte, Buchanan, Andrew, Holt, Nodaway and Atchison counties. These counties lie in the northwest corner of the state, extending from Iowa to Kansas City, and bounded on the west by the Missouri river. Originally the west line of Missouri followed the west lines of Clay, Clinton, DeKalb, Gentry and Worth counties; the "Platte Purchase" is all that part of Missouri lying between the counties named and the Missouri river. On the map, the "Platte Purchase" resembles a ham in shape. In 1837 the Sac and Fox Indians left the purchase, and it was opened to settlement. The tract was called the "Platte Purchase" because the Platte river runs through its entire length.

Weston was practically the first settlement in the "Platte Purchase" and the man who laid out the town was a private soldier of the same name, who was discharged from the army at Fort Leavenworth about the time the country was opened. Fort Leavenworth was laid out in 1827, by Colonel Henry Leavenworth, who in that year commanded an expedition against the Indians of the west. His command pulled a number of Mackinaw boats up the river by hand, and Sergeant Tom Ellis, who "blazed" the trees to mark the original site of Fort Leavenworth, committed suicide in later years in Weston, by hanging. The older settlers of Weston remember Sergeant Tom Ellis well, and quote him as saying that Colonel Leavenworth himself suggested that the new military post be given his name. Colonel Leavenworth was afterwards brevetted a brigadier general.

A soldier named Joseph Moore preempted the land on which Weston was built, in 1837, but his comrade, Tom Weston, traded for the townsite, and gave it his name. Thos. Jordan, who is still living in Illinois, surveyed the townsite.

John S. Woods, known as "Uncle John," arrived at Weston in the spring of 1838, with his father's family. Woods is now 75 years old, and claims

JOHN S. WOODS.

to be the oldest inhabitant. The only man who disputes his claim is W. G. Noble, or "Boss" Noble, who says that he came before Woods did. Woods contends that he came in the spring of 1838, while Noble came the following fall. But the distinction of being the oldest inhabitant certainly lies between these two; they have no rivals for the honor. Noble is 77 years old, and a stouter man than Woods, who is two years younger.

Woods says that when he reached Weston in May, 1838, he found three log cabins on the townsite, but the town improved rapidly, and there are several citizens still living who landed there in 1840; among them the Bailey Bros., bankers, who have been there continuously ever since. One of them was married a few months ago, at the age of 74 years.

Up to 1840, the only steamboat that ran above Weston was the "Clapper," which went up to the head waters of the river in the spring, and returned in the fall, loaded with furs. Early in the fifties, there were 120 sidewheel steamboats on the Missouri river, and probably all of them ran above Weston. James O'Neal, an old river captain now living in St. Louis, is authority for this statement.

Weston began declining in 1854, during the Kansas excitement. Previous to that time it had been a great outfitting point for the west. In the memorable excitement following the opening of Kansas, Weston was lost sight of, and Leavenworth began to attract attention. About this time, the first railroad was projected, and was chartered to run from Hannibal, on the Mississippi, to Weston, on the Missouri. But some of the citizens of Weston saw that St. Joe was a more desirable location for a town, and when the railroad was finally completed, in 1859, it ran into St. Joseph, and was known as the Hannibal & St. Joseph. This resulted in several of the best citizens of Weston removing to St. Joe, notably the Barnes brothers, and Weston was left in bad shape, with Atchison and St. Joseph above, and Leavenworth and Kansas City below. To this day old citizens of Weston tell how they were sold out in the railroad deal; how their member of the legislature traded them off for two places in the land office at Savannah. They also abuse certain citizens of 1856-9, who were indifferent to the railroad, fearing the locomotives would scare the game away, and give their negroes a rapid means of running away.

Wm. Osborne, who built the Hannibal & St. Joseph road, is still living, at Waterville, New York, at the age of 87. He is somewhat noted as an advo-

WM. OSBORNE.

cate of cremation. A few years ago he built a crematory, and presented it to his native town, and when he dies, his body will be cremated. Mr. Osborne spends a portion of his time at Atchison, where two of his daughters live.

Weston rallied in 1861, and secured an extension of the railroad, which had in the meantime been built to Atchison, but it was too late. Its railroad was extended on to Kansas City, and Weston has never been able to get another one. During the three or four years the railroad ended at Weston, a line of boats ran between Weston and Kansas City.

On the 1st of July, 1861, daily stages began running from Atchison to Folsom, California, the eastern end of the Central Pacific; the freighters soon followed, and Weston had little left except recollection of its former greatness. This line of daily stages was established as a result of the Pony express, which carried mail from the Missouri river to Folsom, California, in nine days. The object of the Pony express was to establish the fact that there was a safe and feasible route for carrying the United States mails over what was known as the northern trail. The Pony express lasted a little over a year, and was immediately followed by the overland stages, which were operated by a company headed by Wm. H. Russell, who started the Pony express. Russell was a member of the big freighting firm of Russell, Majors & Waddell, which got into difficulty in 1862, and Ben Holladay took the line, having loaned the company a lot of money.

The Majors mentioned above has lately been prominent because of his wife and daughter applying for admission to the poor house at Kansas City. Majors is now living in California, old, feeble and poor, but he still has enough energy left to keep up a vigorous quarrel with his family. At one time he was immensely wealthy, and his family lived abroad.

Ben Holladay was a Weston man, and lived there ten or twelve years. He came west in 1838, and located first at Independence, Mo. A few years later he appeared at Weston, and was the principal citizen of the town until 1850, when he went west again, and only appeared at Weston occasionally to visit his family.

Ben Holladay became the most prominent figure in the west, and was known everywhere. He ran stages from the Missouri river to Folsom, California, and to Helena, Montana, and his name was on every tongue. Mark Twain, in "Innocents Abroad," tells of an im-

BEN HOLLADAY.

pious youth named Jack, who was listening to an enthusiastic pilgrim in the Holy Land tell about Moses guiding the children of Israel three hundred miles in forty years.

"Forty years!" Jack said, contemptuously. "Three hundred miles! Bah! Ben Holladay would have fetched them through in thirty-six hours!"

Slade, the outlaw who killed twenty-six men, was a division agent for the overland stage company, and the western literature of that time was full of the name of Ben Holladay. Mark Twain, Artemus Ward, Horace Greeley, Albert D. Richardson and Governor Bross were among his passengers, and they all wrote about him.

Ben Holladay was both rich and great, but he began life in Kentucky as a farm hand working with negroes. When he first appeared at Weston, he built a two-story log house, with a saloon on the lower floor, and a gambling room above. He had what the Weston people call a "Guinea nigger" for a barkeeper, and the drinks were sold over a linn slab for a bar. Whisky was sold in those days for twenty cents a gallon by the barrel, but Ben Holladay retailed it for twenty-five cents a drink, and very naturally made money. Out in the yard there was a stump and an old axe, where patrons of his bar split half dollar silver pieces in two, as quarter dollar pieces were scarce.

He loaned some of the money thus earned to a druggist, and was finally compelled to take the drug store. He also operated a hotel for a time, but he was a natural born aristocrat, and a natural born speculator, and soon engaged in greater pursuits. There are certain peculiarities in Weston streets and lots to this day for which Ben Holladay's scheming is responsible.

He married his first wife in Weston, a Miss Ann Calvert, daughter of Smith Calvert, and was compelled to run away with her. Miss Calvert was only a school girl, fifteen or sixteen years old, and one day on her way home from school, Ben Holladay met her, and proposed that they get married. He was irresistible in love, as in everything else, so the girl got up behind him on the horse he rode, and they went over to the squire's, and were married. During the ceremony, Miss Calvert wore the apron she had worn at school.

He built a beautiful home on a sixty acre tract two miles out of Weston. The place cost $36,000, but the man who lives there now got it for $6,000. It has halls that you could drive a buggy through, and has white marble mantels, but it is a small affair compared to the home to which Ben Holladay afterwards took his wife at White Plains, New York. Whitelaw Reid, late candidate for vice president on the Republican ticket, lives in the White Plains house now, and the private chapel where the Reid family worship was built by the Weston girl.

Ben Holladay had four children; two girls and two boys. The girls attracted the attention usually bestowed upon the daughters of rich men, and one of them married a count, and the other a baron. Both left their worthless husbands, and their father took care of them. One of the daughters died on a Union Pacific train twelve years ago; every member of the family is now dead, including Holladay's second wife, who was governess to Ann Calvert's children. Holladay lived awhile in Washington, where he went to prosecute a claim against the government for depredations committed by Indians. He refused a settlement of $100,000, and died a poor man in Oregon, where it is said his brother Joe did not treat him right. Holladay's total claim against the government was $700,000. In the original papers the name of John J. Ingalls, appears as notary public.

The man who lives in Holladay's Weston house now was formerly an express messenger; at this writing he is a justice of the peace. His name is Joe Evans, called "Ivvans" by his neighbors. Joe Evans was slow, but he was sure. It is the best way.

Chas. A. Perry, who lived in the Weston house after Holladay, is at present a wretched old man living in St. Joe, where he peddles vegetables from a basket. In the boom days of Weston, Perry was a government contractor, and Joe Evans worked for him. Evans was once on the plains six months in Perry's service, and during that time delivered corn to government posts amounting in value to $1,912,000. The profit to Perry on this transaction was a quarter of a million dollars. Still, he is peddling vegetables from a basket, and Joe Evans, his former clerk, lives in his house.

Theodore F. Warner was another prominent citizen of Weston who made a great deal of money in the early days. He died very poor in Kansas City. In the good old days of the town, there were five enormous hemp and tobacco warehouses in Weston. These were so crowded with teams unloading that many hemp and tobacco haulers were compelled to remain in line over night to get a chance to unload the next morning. Hemp was worth $200 a ton then, and a good acre would produce two tons. Hemp has disappeared, however, like the warehouses; you never see it around Weston now. It was no uncommon sight in the old days to see ten steamboats lying at Weston, loading hemp and tobacco, and unloading merchandise.

According to the people of Weston, Warner backed Holladay in all his earlier enterprises. During the California emigration in 1849, Warner outfitted Holladay with eight mule teams, and loaded the wagons with merchandise. Holladay had no money, but was considered shrewd, and took the train to Salt Lake, as Warner's partner. Holladay sold the goods at an enormous profit, and invested the proceeds in cattle at from $4 to $6 a head, which he drove to San Francisco, and sold at $60 a head. He also bought flour of the Mormons, and sold it to the government at the various military posts in the west. Holladay made great profit, without doubt, but none of it came back to Weston, and Warner finally went west to see about it.

He returned as poor as he went; in fact, poorer, for he had raised money from Holladay by giving a mortgage on his homestead. Warner's home was afterwards sold to satisfy the Holladay mortgage.

"I know it to be a fact," John Woods said to the writer, "for I cried the sale myself."

Warner lost $25,000 in one year in Weston, buying hemp and tobacco, and it was about this time that he gave Holladay the mortgage on his home.

Weston people generally speak in the highest terms of Warner, but few of them speak well of Holladay. The story of Holladay selling Warner's home is admitted, but some of the more conservative say that Holladay was himself in tight circumstances, and could not avoid doing what he did. The conservatives further say that Warner finally recovered from Holladay the money he actually put into the mule train, although he never received any of the profits, which were enormous. It is also stated that while Warner & Holladay sold great quantities of beef cattle to the government at Fort Leavenworth, Holladay managed the business in such a way that Warner, who put up the capital, never received any of the profits. One of Holladay's very first ventures in Weston was buying a lot of pack horses driven in from the plains by an army officer.

Citizens of Weston tell of a famous fight between Ben Holladay and Geo. W. Dye. Dye had whipped Ben's brother Joe, and Ben took it up. The men were very evenly matched until Dye got Holladay's thumb in his mouth, when the latter "bellered like a calf," as Uncle John Woods expressed it. This fight occurred in 1850, and made Ben Holladay so mad that he left the town for good.

Ten or twelve years later, Holladay was the biggest man in the west, and at that time the west was attracting a great deal of attention: much more than at present. He had a valet, and in manicuring his employer, possibly the valet wondered where that thumb was maimed: possibly Ben Holladay made up a story, and explained that it was chewed up in a bear fight out west.

There was a great deal of fighting in Weston in the early days; fist fighting, as a rule, as knives and pistols were frowned upon. It was no uncommon thing in the flush times to see five or six fist fights in progress at the same time; two men would become engaged, and their friends would take it up. Fist fighting is very rare now, but it was very common in the early days of Weston. When a citizen had a grievance against a man, he took it out of his hide at the first opportunity, providing he was able. There were a number of noted scrappers in the town; Uncle John Woods himself was somewhat of a dead game sport when in his prime, and until a few weeks ago, his son was city marshal. The city marshal of a small town is always selected because he is not afraid.

Fist fighting was so common in the early days that it attracted little attention. When a party of young fellows from town went out into the country to a dance, a general fight was pretty sure to follow. If a country fellow imagined that a town fellow was receiving too much attention from the girls, he would get a notion in his head that he could whip him. It was easy to find an excuse to start a fight. A favorite excuse was for the country fellow to accuse the town fellow of "talking about" his sister. The town man in all probability had said nothing about the countryman's sister, and possibly the countryman hadn't a sister, but that was a way they had. This means of starting a fight has not died out even at this late day. James W. Coburn, the Weston lawyer, told the writer of this that a man was tried for murder a few weeks ago at Platte City, and this was his defense: that the dead man had talked about his sister! It was established beyond question that the dead man had not talked about any woman, and that the murderer had used that claim as a pretext, believing that it would create sympathy in his favor.

Sometimes, when a man called another off to one side, to accuse him of talking about his sister, he found the accused whittling. In that event, the accuser would be apt to listen to reason, for he knew what that whittling meant; it meant that the whittler was a cutter: that he would use his knife the moment the fight began. Another bad sign was when a man began crying: it was a sign that he would fight like a tiger. Some men never fight until they are so mad that they cry.

Another peculiar thing about these dances in the country was that the girls became so accustomed to fighting that they were not afraid, and could often establish peace when men were powerless.

It will be imagined that in case of a fight between town and country young men at a country dance, there would be a fight the next time the country fellows came to town, and as every man was expected to stand by his friends, very few men could "keep out of trouble;" so many fellows were bound to have it.

Family matters were not dragged into the famous fight between Ben Holladay and Geo. W. Dye: Holladay precipitated it by saying that back in Kentucky, where they had known each other as boys, Dye had stolen $10!

However, there was little fighting at the better class dances at Weston in the early days. The sweet young lieutenants from Fort Leavenworth were frequent guests at these affairs, and some of them became famous afterwards. J. E. B. Stewart and Albert Sydney and Joseph E. Johnston, lieutenants then, often came up from Fort Leavenworth to attend the Weston dances, which were held in a hall 45x150 feet.

These men were afterwards almost as well known as the Confederacy itself. At Shiloh, Albert Sydney Johnson commanded the Army of the Mississippi, and fought like a devil, but he was gay and light hearted at the old time dances in Weston. "Shanks" Evans, who is known in connection with the battle at Ball's Bluff, was another of the young military striplings greatly admired by the Weston girls.

At that time Weston was practically the only town in this section of the west; the lieutenants had to go there to be admired by the girls, or do without admiration. The officers frequently accompanied the Westor young people to Major Bean's, at Bean lake, where they danced from sundown until daylight.

There is a tradition, however, to the effect that while the lieutenants from the Fort beat the Weston men in society, they could never beat them in a poker game, although they often tried it.

When Albert Syndey Johnson heard that war had been declared between the north and south, he was on the plains, at Ash Hollow, in charge of a detachment en route to Salt Lake. His fiery young officers wanted to turn back at once, and join the Confederacy, but he told them no; they must accompany him to Salt Lake, and execute their commission. Then they could accompany him to the south, if they wanted to, for there was where he was going.

Leander E. Wells, a farmer living near Weston, was the first white child born in the Platte Purchase. His father, John B. Wells, established the old Rialto ferry, a mile below Weston, which did an enormous business in the early days. Old man Wells was supposed to have been a miser, and when he died a few years ago, every foot of his house lot was spaded up, in the hope of finding his buried treasure, but not a dollar was found. Men with divining rods came from great distances to assist in the search, but if Wells buried his money, its hiding place is still a mystery. Very few men have as much money as their neighbors say they have; probably old man Wells was no exception to the rule. Milton Tootle, of St. Joseph, was an exception. People said he was worth a million when he died; his administrators found nearly nine millions. By-the-way, Tootle married a Weston girl.

Old John B. Wells was one of the familiar figures on the streets of the Weston of long ago. He always rode a roan horse, and had no other kind in his stable. When one horse died of old age, old John put his saddle on a roan colt, and rode it until it became too old for service. He was the owner of a famous breed of roan horses, and would never sell one. When I passed his house a few weeks ago, there was a roan horse tied at the fence; his widow is still living. Old John is dead, but his roan horses go on forever.

Platte county is the home of the single-footer, a style of riding horse still popular. In the early days everybody rode horseback, and the young man who worked on a farm at $10 a month was very apt to own a long-tailed single-footer worth $200, which he rode to dances, to spelling schools, and to church. Every Missourian speaks lovingly of a riding horse of the "Pepper" variety, which reaches perfection in Platte county. Indeed, the Pepper stock of horses originated in Platte county. They were bred by old Jack Pepper, who lived near Weston, and his descendants are still breeding them.

Cy. Gordon, the guerilla, was a Platte county man, and during the war Union soldiers were regularly stationed in Weston to watch him; three regiments wintered there in 1862-3. Old citizens still tell about Cy. Gordon's fight with Major Josephs, at Bee creek, three miles from town. Uncle John Woods, although he came originally from Ohio, was a rampant secessionist, and in hearty sympathy with Cy. Gordon. Uncle John says that at the Bee creek fight, Cy. Gordon had 32 men, and Josephs 200; that Josephs was routed, and rushed back to town saying that Price's army was after him! Colonel Josephs had cannon, but only wounded two of the guerillas. The Union loss was never known, but Uncle John says that dead men were brought in all day.

Joe Evans says that in Col. Josephs' official report of the fight, he stated that 98 of Cy. Gordon's men were killed, whereas Joe Evans claims to know positively that Gordon only had 32 men all told, and that only two of them were slightly wounded; he knew them both.

Cy. Gordon, however, was a good deal like Cleveland, the Union guerilla who made headquarters on the other side of the river: whoever had anything worth taking was his enemy. Cy. Gordon once looted Weston in broad daylight, and took whatever he wanted. At another time he held up a train at Weston, and carried off more dry goods and groceries than he and his men could have used in ten years.

Cy. Gordon once made a dash to catch Jim Lane, who was United States senator from Kansas, but missed him by a few minutes. Lane was returning to Kansas from Washington, and came by the Hannibal & St. Joseph railroad to St. Joseph, and thence to Weston and Leavenworth. R. B. Morris, at present collector of internal revenue for Kansas, was conductor of the train on which Lane rode from St. Joseph to Weston, and says that Lane was disguised with a heavy beard while passing through Missouri. At Iatan, where it is said the first rebel flag was raised, Lane removed his whiskers, and news of his coming reached Weston in advance. R. B. Morris also says that on one occasion S. C. Pomeroy, the other United States senator from Kansas, was a passenger on his train between St. Joseph and Atchison. Pomeroy asked permission to go into the baggage car, where he took off his citizen's clothes, and put on a full suit of soldier blue in which to appear in Kansas. Soon after the first battle of Bull Run, nearly everyone in Washington enlisted in the militia; among them was Senator Pomeroy, who was chosen a corporal, and when he returned home, he put on his corporal clothes before appearing among his patriotic constituents.

Old John Brown was a prisoner in Weston for two or three days, and was carefully guarded at the International hotel. He was captured near Hickory Point, in Kansas, by a party of Weston raiders, but was not particularly notorious at the time, and was finally given his liberty.

In every Kansas history, the name "Stringfellow" appears frequently. B. F. Stringfellow practiced law at Weston. He was the man who knocked Governor Reeder down at Shawnee Mission for referring to the Stringfellows as "border ruffians," which term soon became a part of the language of the border. Dr. J. H. Stringfellow did not live at Weston, but was often there, and was a citizen of the county. Dr. Stringfellow was speaker of the first Kansas house of representatives, which was organized in a grove at Pawnee. That legislature was the one which adopted the Missouri statutes entire, substituting the word "Kansas" for "Missouri" wherever it appeared. B. F. Stringfellow died several years ago, but Dr. Stringfellow is still practicing medicine at St. Joseph.

Joe Evans, at present a citizen of Weston, was a resident of the same town when the first election was held in Kansas, at which it is charged that Missourians voted in great numbers. Mr. Evans says there is no question that a great many illegal votes were cast by Missourians. He was in Kickapoo on election day, but did not vote. However, he says that many illegal votes were cast on the other side, and some Emigrant Aid Society people who have lately written books about the Kansas struggle, intimate the same thing.

Dr. Stringfellow was elected to the legislature at this first election in Kansas, and he has always contended that there was no illegal voting. B. F. Stringfellow saw the handwriting on the wall early in the struggle, and knew that slavery must fail not only in Kansas, but would go down in a clash of arms in the nation, but Dr. Stringfellow always believed that slavery would win. Had it won, he was slated by his party for one of the United States senatorships afterwards given to Jim Lane and S. C. Pomeroy in 1861.

Western people have been familiar for years with the New York banking firm of Donnell, Lawson & Simpson, which dealt in western securities, and finally went to the wall. L. M. Lawson, a member of the firm, was formerly a Weston lawyer.

Weston had two toll roads in the early days, and people were compelled to pay for the privilege of driving over them, but now that they are free, they are deserted. Not a foot of either road is used; farmers and others drive on dirt roads beside the old pikes, which were constructed of native stone, and very rough.

Weston is still an interesting town to visit. Being settled originally by southerners, it looks like a southern town: there are no houses like those at Weston on the Kansas side.

Eastern Kansas is forty-one years old, but it looks like a new country compared to western Missouri, although the actual difference in age is less than twenty years. When the people settled around Weston, they duplicated the houses they were familiar with in Kentucky, whereas the style of architecture in Kansas has always been western.

Nearly all the pawpaws come from the Missouri side; so do the red birds, and one Weston man informed me that while turkey buzzards were common in Missouri, they were rarely seen in Kansas. The same man told me, which I never knew before, that every fall, pawpaws are still shipped from Weston to California!

Nestling among the hills of Weston are neat, old fashioned houses I should like to visit; I should particularly like to be invited to one of them to dinner, for that is a country noted for its dinners. There is still a fashion to go to Weston for a colored cook when a great dinner is to be prepared. A banker's daughter was lately married at DeKalb, and an old colored aunty from Weston was sent for to cook the dinner. The dinner was not patterned after the French, but after the Kentuckians. There were no "courses;" it was all put on the table at once, and consisted of roast turkey, stuffed with bread and giblets; spareribs and sausage; boiled ham two years old; fried chicken; chicken pie; hot biscuits; salt rising bread; boiled custard; eight kinds of cake, including pound cake, stack cake, and black cake; six kinds of pie; all kinds of preserves, pickles and jelly, and sweet potatoes and apples.

The famous colored cooks in this section were taught by white women now living in Weston, and their homes are as neat as their dinners are palatable.

Although women have more trouble than men, they seem to stand it better; they become accustomed to the hard fare, and get fat on it. A Weston man I met was weak-eyed, bald, and very feeble, but his wife was strong and vigorous. Old settlers informed me that it had been said of the wife for forty years that she would not live long, she had so much trouble. But her husband was so tough and stout that forty years ago there was talk as to his second wife.

Many of these Weston women are cultured, and perfect storehouses of information. A woman, as a rule, does not become sour with age, like a man; she becomes stately and religious. Give her an hour's notice of your coming, and she is her old self again. You can readily realize her mock importance. But it is different with her husband: I imagine that were Ben Holladay living now, old and poor, it would be difficult to appreciate his former greatness.

One of the old time amusements in Weston was to twit Holladay about something that was disagreeable to him, and hear him swear. He was an artist in that line, and never had a rival, although a certain doctor often attempted to equal him. But the doctor was simply swept off his feet by the waves of blasphemy Holladay dashed at him. In the days of his prosperity, with counts and barons coming to see his daughters, Holladay no doubt tried to quit his swearing, and couldn't do it as is the experience of most men, but I have a notion that if Holladay were living now, old and poor, he would revive his swearing, and his disappointments and reverses would add much to his old vocabulary, rich as it was said to have been.

But were Ann Calvert, his wife, still living, I also have a notion that she would be as elegant as she was when the mistress at White Plains, and the pampered favorite of royalty abroad. When a woman has once "been something," she does not give it up as easily as a man.

E. W. Howe.

LONGFELLOW'S FIRST POETRY.

He Was More Than Thirty When His First Volume Was Published.

Toward the end of 1836 he took up his abode in Cambridge, where he was to reside for the rest of his life—for forty-five years. He was made to feel at home in the society of the scholars who clustered about Harvard, then almost the sole center of culture in the country. His work for the college was not so exacting that he had not time for literature. The impulse to write poetry returned; yet the next book he published was the prose "Hyperion," which appeared in 1839, and which, though it has little plot or action, may be called a romance. The youthful and poetic hero, a passionate pilgrim in Europe, was more or less a reflection of Longfellow himself.

A few months later, in the same year, he published his first volume of poems—"Voices of the Night"—in which he reprinted certain of his earlier verses, most of them written while he was at Bowdoin. Some of these boyish verses show the influence of Bryant, and others reveal to us that the young poet had not yet looked at life for himself, but still saw it through the stained glass windows of tradition. The same volume contained also some more recent poems: "The Beleaguered City," and the "Psalm of Life"—perhaps the first of his poems to win a swift and abiding popularity. These lyrics testified that Longfellow was beginning to have a style of his own. As Hawthorne wrote to him, "Nothing equal to them was ever written in this world—this western world, I mean."

Certainly no American author had yet written any poem of the kind so good as the best of those in Longfellow's volume of "Ballads," printed two years later. Better than any other American poet Longfellow had mastered the difficulties of the story in song; and he knew how to combine the swiftness and the picturesqueness the ballad requires. His ballads have more of the old-time magic, more of the early simplicity than those of any other modern English author. Of its kind, there is nothing better in the language than "The Skeleton in Armor," with its splendid lyric swing; and "The Village Blacksmith" and "The Wreck of the Hesperus" are almost as good in their humbler sphere. "Excelsior," in the same volume, voices the noble aspirations of youth, and has been taken to heart by thousands of boys and girls.—Prof. Brander Matthews, in St. Nicholas.

WILL THE COMING MAN SLEEP?

A Process of Evolution May Develop Men Who Can Work Twenty-four Hours a Day.

An assertion by a prominent medical authority that the early rising theory is a mistake and that the vital forces do not come fully into play until midday is refuted by another writer, who says that he would like to acquiesce, but can not conscientiously do so in the light of scientific evidence to the contrary.

Little can be deduced from the habits of the lower animals, he thinks, as these are to be judged wholly according to circumstances. The question of sleep should be considered in view of the necessities of civilized life. All animals, human and otherwise, having sight, sleep primarily because of the alternate recurrence of light and darkness.

Primitive man, having no artificial light, slept from nightfall to daybreak, for the simple reason that there was nothing else for him to do. With each advance in the quality of lights, however, the human race has exhibited a tendency to stay awake longer and to do more work at night. Future developments, among which is the possibility of light without heat, may conceivably make man independent of the light of day for the carrying on of business.

In that case the fittest man will be he who can keep awake the longest and get through the most work in the twenty-four hours. Even now, all the hours of the night and day being available for work, the man who prefers a long sleep is at a disadvantage.

If the Darwinian theory be correct he will die out and be replaced by a more active type with an organization adapted to the new conditions. The writer considers the amount of time spent in sleep by the average man nothing short of dreadful.

Twenty-five years of life are often thus wasted, he says, all because of the alternation of night and day. He concludes that though it will take many generations for this change to be effected, the races of men will tend to lose their faculty for sleep, and that, with night turned into day, there is no physiological reason why they should not.

It is only a small portion of the nervous system that sleeps. The bodily functions go on continually. Why not the intellectual functions as well? he asks.—N. Y. Sun.

Medical Item.

Mr. Youngdoctor—Last week four of my patients who were down with the grip recovered completely.

Mr. Olddoctor—Serves you good and right. Why do you neglect your patients that way? You deserve to have them all get well on your hands.—Texas Siftings.